

THE *Gold Ring*
GARLAND
OF
Good-Will:

Divided into Three Parts.

Containing many
Pleasant SONGS and POEMS.

With a Table to find the Names of the SONGS.

Thomas Delany



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THE
GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

The First Part.



I. *The Death of Fair Rosamond. To the
Tune of Flying Fame.*



HEN as King *Henry* rul'd this Land
the Second of that Name,
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd
a fair and Princely Dame;
Most peerless was her Beauty found,
her Favour and her Face,
A sweeter Creature in this World,
did never Prince embrace.
Her crisped Locks like Threads of Gold,
appear'd to each Man's sight;
Her comely Eyes like orient Pearls,
did cast a heavenly Light;
The blood within her crystal Cheeks,
did such a colour drive,
As if the Lilly and the Rose
for Mastership did strive:
Yea, *Rosamond*, fair *Rosamond*,
her Name was called so,
To whom Dame *Eleanor* our Queen,
was known a mortal Foe.
The King therefore for her Defence,
against this furious Queen,
At *Woodstock* builded such a Bower,
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this Bower was built,
with Stone and Timber strong,
An hundred and fifty Doors
did to this Bower belong;
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
with Turnings round about,
That none but with a Clew of Thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Lady's sake,
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bower he gave
unto a worthy Knight:
But Fortune that doth often frown,
where she before did smile,
The King's Delight and Lady's Joy,
full soon she did beguile:
For why, the King's ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Against his Father raised Wars
within the Realm of *France*.
And yet before our comely King
the English Land forsook.
Of *Rosamond* that Lady fair,
his last Farewell he took:
O *Rosamond*, the only Rose
that pleaseth best mine Eye,
The fairest Rose in all the World
to feed my Fantasie;
The Flower of mine affected Heart,
whose Sweetness doth excel
My Royal Rose, a thousand Times,
I bid thee now farewell.
For I must leave my famous Flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous *France*,
proud Rebels to abase:
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see;

And

And in my Heart while hence I am
I'll bear my Rose with me.
When *Rosamond*, the Lady fair,
did hear the King say so,
The Sorrows of her grieved Heart,
her outward Looks did show;
And from her clear and chrystal Eyes,
Tears gushed out apace,
Which, like the silver pearled Dew,
ran down her comely Face:
Her Lips like to the Coral red,
did wax both wan and pale;
And for the Sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital Spirits did fail;
And falling down all in a Swoon,
before King *Henry's* Face;
Full oft within his Princely Arms,
her Body he did embrace:
And Twenty Times with watry Eyes,
he kist her tender Cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
her Senses mild and meek:
Why grieves, my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
the King did often say:
Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars
my Lord must part away.
But since your Grace, in foreign Coasts,
among your Foes unkind,
Must go to hazard Life and Limb,
why should I stay behind?
Nay, rather let me, like a Page,
your Sword and Target bear,
That on my Breast the Blow may 'light,
that should offend you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your Bed at Night,
And with sweet Bathes refresh your Grace,
at your Return from Fight;

So I your Presence may enjoy ;
no Toil I will refuse ;
But wanting you my Life is Death,
which doth true Love abuse.
Content thy self, my dearest Love,
thy Rest at Home shall be,
In *England's* sweet and pleasant Soil,
for Travel fits not thee :
Fair Ladies brook not bloody Wars,
sweet Peace their Pleasures breed,
The Nourisher of Heart's Content,
which Fancy first did feed.
My Rose shall rest in *Woodstock* Bower, -
with Musick, sweet Delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes,
against my Foes do fight ;
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my Love,
while I my Foes do smite.
And you Sir *Thomas* whom I trust
to be my Love's Defence,
Be careful of my Royal Rose,
when I am parted hence :
And therewithal he fetcht a Sigh,
as tho' his Heart would break ;
And *Rosamond* for very Grief
not one plain Word could speak.
And at their parting well they might,
in Heart be grieved sore,
After that Day fair *Rosamond*
the King did see no more :
And when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into *France* was gone,
Queen *Eleanor*, with envious Heart,
to *Woodstock* came anon :
And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
who kept this curious Bower ;

Who

Who, with this Clew of rwined Thread,
came from this famous Flower ;
And when that she had wounded him,
the Queen his Thread did get,
And went where Lady *Rosamond*,
was like an Angel set.
But when the Queen with stedfast Eye,
beheld her heavenly Face,
She was amazed in her Mind,
at her exceeding Grace :
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly Draught,
which I have brought for thee.
But presently upon her Knee,
sweet *Rosamond* did fall,
And Pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her Offences all :
Take pity on my youthful Years,
fair *Rosamond* did cry,
And let me not with Poison strong
enforced be to die :
I will renounce this sinful Life,
and in a Cloyster 'bide ;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the World so wide :
And for that Fault which I have done,
tho' I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my Life and punish me
as you think good to do.
And with these Words her lilly Hands
she rung full often there ;
And down along her comely Face
proceeded many a Tear :
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be,
The Cup of deadly Poyson fill'd,
as she sat on her Knee,

She gave this comely Dame to drink ;
who took it in her Hand,
And from her bended Knee arose,
and on her Feet did stand :
And casting up her Eyes to Heaven,
she did for Mercy call :
And drinking up the Poison strong,
her Life she lost withal.
And when that Death thro' every Limb,
had done her greatest Spite,
Her chiefeft Foes did plain confess,
she was a glorious Wight ;
Her Body then they did entomb,
when Life was fled away.
At Woodstock, near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this Day.

II. *The Lamentation of Shore's Wife.*

To the Tune of The Hunt is up.

Listen, fair LADIES,
unto my Misery,
That lived late, in Pomp and State,
most delightfully ;
And now to Fortune's fair Diffimulation,
Brought in cruel and uncouth Plagues,
most piteously,
Shore's Wife I am,
So known by Name,
And at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Cheapside*,
was my Dwelling.
The only Daughter of a wealthy Merchant-man,
Against whose Counsel evermore,
I was rebelling,
Young was I loved,
No Action moved
My Heart or Mind, to give or yield
to their consenting.

My Parents thinking strictly for to wed me,
Forcing me to take that which caused
my repenting:

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My Beauty caused many Gallants
to salute me:

The King commanded, I strait obeyed,
For his chiefest Jewel then
he did repute me.

Bravely was I trained,
Like a Queen I reigned,
And poor Mens Suits
by me was obtained:

In all the Court, to none was such great Resort,
As unto me, though now in Scorn
I be disdained.

When the King died,
My Grief was tryed,
From the Court I was expelled
with Despight:

The D. of *Glocester* being Lord Protector,
Took away my Goods against
all Law and Right.

And a Proceffion,
For my Transgression,
Bare-footed he made me go:
for to shame me,

A Crofs before me there was carried plainly,
As a Pennance to my former Life,
for to tame me.

Then thro' *London*
Being thus undone,

The Lord Protector published
a Proclamation,

On Pain of Death, I should not be harbour'd,
Which furthermore encreas'd my Sorrow
and Vexation,

I that had Plenty,
And Dishes dainty,
Most sumptuously brought to my Board,
at my Pleasure;
Being full poor, from Door to Door,
I beg my Bread with Clack and Dish,
at my Leisure.
My rich Attire,
By Fortune's Ire,
To rotten Rags and Nakedness
they are beaten:
My Body soft, which the King embrac'd oft,
With Vermin vile annoy'd,
and eat on.
On Stalls and Stones
Did lie my Bones,
That wonted was in Bed of Down
to be plac'd:
And you see, my finest Pillows be
Of stinking Straw, with Dirt and Dung,
thus disgrac'd.
Wherefore fair Ladies,
With your sweet Babies,
My grievous Fall bear in your Mind,
and behold me,
How strange a thing, that the Love of a King
Should come to die under a Stall,
as I told ye.

III. *A Song of K. Edgar, shewing how he was deceived of his Love, &c. To the Tune of Labandulishor.*

WHenas King Edgar did govern this Land,
adown, adown, down, down, down,
And in the strength of his Years he did stand,
call him down a:
Such Praise was spread of a gallant Dame,
Which did thro' England carry great Fame,

And she a Lady of high Degree,
The Earl of *Devonshire's* Daughter was she;
The King which lately had bury'd the Queen,
And not long Time a Widower been,
Hearing this Praise of a gallant Maid,
Upon her Beauty his Love he laid:
And in his Mind he would often say,
I will send for that Lady gay;
Yea, I will send for this Lady bright,
Which is my Treasure and Delight,
Whose Beauty, like to *Phabus* Beams,
Doth glitter through all Christian Realms.
Then to himself he would reply,
Saying, How fond a Prince am I,
To cast my Love so base and low,
Upon a Girl I do not know?
King *Edgar* will his Fancy frame
To love some Peerless Princely Dame,
The Daughter of a Royal King,
That may a dainty Dowry bring:
Whose matchless Beauty brought in place,
May *Estrild's* Colour clean disgrace.
But senseless Man, what do I mean,
Upon a broken Reed to lean?
Or what fond Fury did me move,
Thus to abuse my dearest Love?
Whose Visage grac'd with heavenly hue,
Doth *Hellen's* Honour quite subdue,
The Glory of her beauteous Pride,
Sweet *Estrild's* Father doth deride:
Then pardon my unseemly Speech,
Dear Love and Lady, I beseech:
For I my Thoughts will henceforth frame;
To spread the Honour of thy Name.
Then unto him he call'd a Knight,
Which was most trusty in his sight;
And unto him thus did he say,
To Earl *Orgator* go thy way,

Where

Where ask for *Estriid*, comely Dame,
Whose Beauty went so far by Fame :
And if you find her comely Grace,
As Fame did spread in every Place ;
Then tell her Father, she shall be
My crowned Queen, if she agree.
The Knight in Message did proceed,
And into *Devonshire* went with speed :
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so ravish'd at her Sight,
That nothing could his Passion move,
Except he might obtain her Love ;
For Day and Night while there he staid,
He courted still this Peerless Maid,
And in his Suit he shew'd such Skill,
That at the length he gain'd her Good-will ;
Forgetting quite the Duty tho',
Which he unto the King did owe.
Then coming home unto his Grace,
He told him with dissemb'ling Face,
That those Reports were too blame,
That so advanc'd the Maiden's Name :
For I assure your Grace, said he,
She is as other Women be ;
Her Beauty of such great Report,
No better than the common sort,
And far unmeet in every Thing,
To match with such a noble King :
But tho' her Face be nothing fair,
Yet sith she is her Father's Heir,
Perhaps some Lord of high Degree,
Would very fain her Husband be ;
Then if your Grace would give Consent,
I would my self be well content,
The Damsel for my Wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings sake.
The King (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him Leave ;

For

For on that point he did not stand,
For why? he had not need of Land,
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded straight this Lady gay:
The fairest Creature bearing Life,
Had this false Knight unto his Wife,
And by that March of high Degree,
An Earl soon after that was he.
E'er he long time had married been,
That many had her Beauty seen;
Her praise was spread both far and near;
The King again thereof did hear;
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his Love;
Though therefore he was vexed sore,
Yet seem'd he not to grieve therefore;
But kept his Countenance good and kind,
As tho' he bear no Grudge in Mind.
But on a Day it came to pass,
When as the King full merry was,
To *Ethelwood* in sport he said,
I muse what cheer there should be made,
If to thy House I should resort
A Night or two for Princely Sport?
Hereat the Earl shew'd Countenance glad,
Though in his Heart he was full sad:
Saying, Your Grace shall welcome be,
If so your Grace will honour me.
Then as the Day appointed was,
Before the King did thither pass,
The Earl before hand did prepare
The King's coming to declare;
And with a Countenance passing grim,
He call'd his Lady unto him.
Saying with sad and heavy cheer,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady, as you tender me,
Let your Attire but homely be;

Nor

Nor wash not thou thy Angel's Face;
But so thy Beauty clean disgrace;
Thereto thy Gesture so apply,
It may seem loathsome to the Eye:
For if the King should there behold,
Thy glorious Beauty so extol'd,
Then shall my Life soon shortned be,
For my Deserts and Treachery:
When to thy Father first I came,
Tho' I did not declare the same,
Yet was I put in Trust to bring
The joyful Tydings to the King
Who for thy glorious Beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his Queen:
But when I had thy Person found,
Thy Beauty gave me such a Wound,
No Rest nor Comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet Love, my Grief did slake;
And tho' that Duty charged me,
Most faithful to my Lord to be;
Yet Love upon the other side,
Bid for my self I should provide:
Then for my Suit and Service shown,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my Love in Wedlock spent,
Your Choice you need no whit repent.
Then since my Grief I have exprest
Sweet Lady, grant me my Request -;
Good Words she gave with smiling chear,
Musing of that which she did hear;
And casting many Things in Mind,
Great Fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in her self she thought it Sh me,
To make that foul which God did frame.
Most costly Robes full rich therefore,
In bravest Sort that Day she wore,
Doing all that e'er she might,
To set her Beauty forth to fight:

And

And her best skill in every Thing,
She shew'd to entertain the King.
Wherefore the King so 'snared was,
That Reason quite from him did pass :
His Heart by her was set on Fire,
He had to her a great Desire ;
And for the Looks he gave her then,
For every Look she shew'd him ten.
Wherefore the King perceived plain,
His Love and Looks were not in vain.
Upon a time it chanced so,
The King he would a hunting go ;
And as they through a Wood did ride,
The Earl on Horse-back by his side :
For so the Story telleth plain,
That with a Shaft the Earl was slain :
So that when he had lost his Life,
He took the Lady unto Wife,
Who married her, all harm to shun,
By whom he did beget a Son.
Thus he that did the King deceive,
Did by Desert his Death receive :
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy Friend.

IV. *How Coventry was made Free by Godina,
Countess of Chester. To the Time of Prince
Arthur died at Ludlow, &c.*

Leofricus, that noble Earl
of Chester, as I read,
Did for the City of Coventry
many a noble Deed :
Great Privileges for the Town
this Nobleman did get ;
And of all Things did make it so,
that they Toll free did sit :

Save

Save only that for Horses still
they did some Custom pay,
Which was great Charges to the Town;
full long and many a Day:
Wherefore his Wife Godina fair,
did of the Earl request,
That therefore he would make it free,
as well as all the rest.
So when she long had sued,
her Purpose to obtain,
Her noble Lord at length she took
within a pleasant Vein;
And unto him with smiling Chear,
she did forthwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
perform that goodly Deed.
You move me much, my Fair, quoth he,
your Suit I fain would shun;
But what will you perform and do,
to have this matter done?
Why any thing, my Lord, (quoth she)
you will with Reason crave;
I will perform it with good Will,
if I my Wish might have,
If thou wilt grant the Thing, he said,
what I shall now require,
As soon as it is finished,
thou shalt have thy Desire.
Command what you think good, my Lord,
I will thereto agree.
On this Condition, That the Town
for ever may be free.
If thou thy Cloaths strip off,
and here lay them down.
And at Noon-day on Horse-back ride,
stark naked through the Town,
They shall be free for evermore;
if thou wilt not do so,

More

More Liberty than now they have,
I never will bestow.
The Lady at this strange Demand,
was much abash'd in mind;
And yet for to fulfill this Thing,
she never a-whit repin'd:
Wherefore unto all Officers
of the Town she sent,
That they perceiving her good Will,
which for the Weal was bent;
That on the Day that she should ride,
all Persons through the Town,
Should keep their Houses, shut their Doors,
and clap their Windows down;
So that no Creature, young or old,
should in the Streets be seen,
'Till she had ridden all about,
throughout the City clean:
And when the Day of riding came,
no Person did her see,
Saving her Lord; after which time,
the Town was ever free.

*V. Of the Duke of Cornwall's Daughter. To the
Tune of, In Greece.*

WHEN *Humber* in his wrathful Rage,
King *Albanack* in Field had slain,
Whose bloody Broils to assuage,
King *Locrin* then apply'd his Pain;
And with a Host of Britains stout,
At length he found King *Humber* out:
At Vantage great he met him then,
and with his Host beset him so,
That he destroyed his warlike Men,
and *Humber's* Power did overthrow,
And *Humber* which for Fear did fly,
leapt into a River desperately;

And being drowned in the deep;
he left a Lady there alive,
Which sadly did lament and weep;
for fear they should her Life deprive.
But by her Face that was so fair,
The King was caught in *Cupid's* Snare :
He took this Lady to his Love,
who secretly did keep it still,
So that the Queen did quickly prove,
the King did bear her much Good-will ;
Which though by Wedlock late begun,
He had by her a gallant Son.
Queen Guendoline was griev'd in mind,
to see the King was altered so,
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
which brings her to most bitter Woe :
For *Estrild* was his Joy (God wor)
By whom a Daughter he begot.
The Duke of *Cornwal* being dead,
the Father of that gallant Queen,
The King with Lust being overlaid,
his lawful Wife he cast off clean :
Who with her dear and tender Son,
For Succour did in *Cornwal* run.
Then *Loerin* crowned *Estrild* bright,
and made of her his lawful Wife ;
With her which was his Heart's delight,
he thought to lead his Life ;
Thus *Guendoline*, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched Life in scorn.
But when the Cornish Men did know,
the great Abuse she did endure,
With her a Number great did go,
which she by Prayer did procure :
In Battle then they marcht along,
For to redress this grievous wrong ;
And near a River called *Store*,
she King with all his Host she met,

Where

Where both the Armies fought full sore,
but yet the Queen the Field did get:
Yet e'er they did the Conquest gain,
The King was with an Arrow slain.
Then *Guendoline* did take in Hand,
until her Son was come to Age,
The Government of all the Land;
but first her Fury to assuage,
She did command her Soldiers wild,
To drown both *Estrild* and her Child.
Incontinent then did they bring
fair *Estrild* to the River-side,
And *Sabrine*, Daughter to a King,
whom *Guendoline* could not abide;
Who being bound together fast,
into the River there was cast;
And ever since that running Stream,
wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called *Savern* through the Realm,
because that *Sabrine* died there.
Thus those that did to lewdness bend,
Were brought unto a woful end.

VI. *A Song of Queen Isabel, Wife to King
Edward the Second, &c.*

Proud were the *Spencers*, and of Condition ill,
All *England*, and the King likewise,
they ruled at their Will:
And many Lords and Nobles of the Land,
Through their Occasions lost their Lives,
and none did them withstand:
And at the last they did encrease much Grief,
Between the King and *Isabel*,
his Queen and faithful Wife:
So that her Life she dreaded wondrous sore,
And cast within her secret Thoughts,
some present help therefore.

Then she requests with Countenance grave and sage
That she to *Thomas Becket's Tomb*
might go on Pilgrimage:
Then being joyful to have that happy Chance,
Her Son and she took Ships with speed,
and sailed into *France*,
And Royally she was received then,
By the King and all the rest
of Peers and Noblemen:
And unto him at last she did express,
The cause of her Arrival there,
her cause and Heaviness.
When as her Brother her Grief did understand,
He gave her leave to gather Men
throughout his famous Land;
And made a Promise to aid her evermore;
As often as she should stand in need,
of gold and silver store;
But when indeed she did require the same,
He was as far from doing it,
as when she thither came;
And did proclaim, whilst Matters were so,
That none on pain of Death should go
to aid the English Queen.
This Alteration did greatly grieve the Queen,
That down along her comely Face
the bitter Tears were seen;
When she perceiv'd her Friends forsook her so,
She knew not for her Safety,
which way to turn or go;
But thro' good hap, at last she then decreed,
To seek in fruitful *Germany*
some Succour to this need:
And to Sir *John Hainault* then went she,
Who entertain'd this woeful Queen
with great Solemnity.
And with great Sorrow to him she then complain'd
Of all her Grievs and Injuries,
which she of late sustain'd:

So that with weeping she dimm'd her Princely sight
 The Cause whereof did greatly grieve
 that noble courteous Knight;
 Who made an Oath he would her Champion be,
 And in her Quarrel spend his Blood,
 from wrong to set her free;
 And all my Friends with whom I may prevail,
 Shall help for to advance your State,
 whose Truth no Time shall fail.
 And in his Promise most faithful he was found,
 And many Lords of great Account,
 was in his Voyage bound.
 So setting forward with a goodly Train,
 At length, through God's special Grace,
 into England they came:
 At Harwich then, when they were ashore,
 Of English Lords and Barons bold,
 there came to her great store:
 Which did rejoyce the Queen's afflicted Heart,
 That English Lords in such sort
 came for to take her part,
 When as K. Edward thereof did understand,
 How that the Queen with such a Power,
 was entered on his Land;
 And how his Nobles were gone to take her part,
 He fled from London presently,
 even with a heavy Heart:
 And with the Spencers unto Bristol did go,
 To fortifie that gallant Town,
 great Cost he did bestow;
 Leaving behind to govern London Town,
 The stout Bishop of Exeter,
 whose Bride was soon pull'd down.
 The Mayor of London, with Citizens great store,
 The Bishop and the Spencers both,
 in Heart they did abhor,
 Therefore they took him without fear or dread,

And at the Standard in *Cheapside*,
they smote off his Head.
Unto the Queen this Message then they sent;
The City of *London* was
at her Commandment;
Wherefore the Queen with all her Company,
Did strait to *Bristol* march amain,
whereas the King did lie:
Then she besieged the City round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel Death,
to those that were so stout;
Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children,
and their Wives,
Dil yield the City to the Queen,
for safeguard of their Lives:
Where was took, the Story plain doth tell,
Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him
the Earl of *Arundel*.
This Judgment just the Nobles did set down;
They should be drawn and hanged both,
in sight of *Bristol Town*.
Then was King *Edward* in the Castle there,
And *Hugh Spencer* still with him,
in dread and deadly fear;
And being prepar'd from thence to sail away,
The Winds were found contrary,
they were enforc'd to stay:
But at last Sir *John Beaumont*, Knight,
Did bring his sailing Ship to Shore,
and so did stay their flight:
And so these Men were taken speedily,
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,
who did in *Bristol* lie.
The Queen by counsel of the Lords and Barons bold,
To *Barkley* sent the King,
there to be kept in hold:
And young *Hugh Spencer* that did much ill procure,
Was to the Marshal of the Host
sent unto keeping sure:

And

And then the Queen to *Hereford* took her way,
With all her warlike Company,
which late in *Bristol* lay:
And here behold how *Spencer* was,
From Town to Town, even as the Queen
to *Hereford* did pass,
Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
Young *Spencer* mounted was,
with Legs and Hands fast bound:
A writing Paper along as he did go,
Upon his Head he had to wear,
which did his Treason show;
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain Men with reeden Pipes,
did blow before him still:
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many People did rejoyce,
to see his strange Disgrace.
When unto *Hereford* our noble Queen was come,
She did assemble all the Lords
and Knights, both all and some;
And in their presence young *Spencer* Judgment had,
To be both hang'd and quartered,
his Treasons were so bad;
Then was the King deposed of his Crown,
From Rule, and Princely Dignity,
the Lords did cast him down:
And in his Life his Son both wise and sage,
Was crown'd King of fair *England*,
at fifteen Years of Age.

VII. *A Song of the Banishment of the Two Dukes of
Hereford and Norfolk.*

TWO noble Dukes of great Renown,
that long had liv'd in Fame,
Through hateful Envy were cast down,
and brought to sudden Shame;

The Duke of *Hereford* was the one;
a prudent Prince and wise,
'Gainst whom such Malice there was shewn;
which soon in sight did rise.
The Duke of *Norfolk* most untrue,
declar'd unto the King.
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew,
in hatred of each Thing,
Which by his Grace was acted still,
against both High and Low;
How he had a traiterous Will,
his State to overthrow.
The Duke of *Hereford* then in haste,
was sent for to the King,
And by the Lords in Order plac'd,
examin'd of each Thing:
Who being guiltless of this Crime,
which was against him laid,
The Duke of *Norfolk* at that Time,
these Words unto him said,
How can'st thou with a shameless Face,
deny a Truth so stout;
And here before his Royal Grace,
so falsly face it out?
Did not these wicked Treasons pass,
when we together were,
How that the King unworthy was,
the Royal Crown to bear:
Wherefore, my gracious Lord, quoth he,
and you his noble Peers,
To whom I wish long Life to be,
with many happy Years;
I do pronounce before you, all,
this treacherous Lord that's here,
A Traytor to our noble King,
as Time shall shew it clear.
The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that,
in mind was grieved much,

And

And did return this Answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolk touch:
The Term of Traytor, truthless Duke,
in scorn and great disdain,
With flat Defiance to thy Face,
I do return again,
And therefore if it please your Grace,
to grant me Leave, quoth he,
To combate with my unknown Foe,
that here accuseth me;
I do not doubt but plainly prove,
that like a perjured Knight,
He hath most falsly sought my Shame,
against all Truth and Right.
The King did grant this just Request,
and did therewith agree,
At *Coventry* in *August* next,
this Combate fought should be:
The Dukes on sturdy Steeds full stout,
in Coats of Steel most bright,
With Spears in Rests, did enter Lists,
this Combate fierce to fight.
The King then cast his Warden down,
commanding them to stay;
And with his Lords he Counsel took,
to stint that mortal Fray:
At length unto these noble Dukes,
the King of Heraulds came,
And unto them with lofty Speech,
this Sentence did proclaim,
Sir *Henry Bullenbrook*, this Day,
the Duke of *Hereford* here,
And *Thomas Mauberry*, *Norfolk* Duke,
so valiantly did appear:
And having in honourable sort,
repaired to this place,
Our noble King for special Cause
hath alter'd thus the Case:

First,

First, *Henry Duke of Hereford*,
e'er fifteen Days be past,
Shall part the Realm on pain of Death;
while ten Years space doth last.
And *Thomas Duke of Norfolk* now,
that hath begun this Strife,
And thereof no good proof can bring,
I say for Term of Life;
By Judgment of our Sovereign Lord,
which now in place doth stand,
For evermore I banish thee,
out of thy Native Land:
Charging thee on pain of Death,
when fifteen days are past,
Thou never tread on English Ground,
so long as Life doth last.
Thus they were sworn before the King,
e'er they did further pass,
The one should never come in place,
where as the other was.
Then both the Dukes with heavy Hearts,
was parted presently,
The uncouth streams of froward Chance
of Foreign Lands to try.
The Duke of *Norfolk* coming then,
where he would, shipping take,
The bitter Tears fell down his Cheeks,
and thus his Moan did make:
Now let me sigh and sob my fill,
e'er I from hence depart,
That inward Pangs with speed may burst
my sore afflicted Heart:
Oh cursed Man! whose loathed Life,
is held so much in scorn,
Whose Company is clean despis'd,
and left as one forlorn:
Now take thy Leave and last Adieu
of this thy Country dear,

Which

Which never more thou must behold,
nor yet approach it near.
Now happy should I account my self,
if Death my Heart had torn;
That I might have my Bones entomb'd,
where I was bred and born:
Or that by Neptune's wrathful Rage,
I might be prest to dye:
Whilst that sweet *England's* pleasant Banks,
did stand before mine Eye.
How sweet a Scent hath English Ground,
within my Senses now?
How fair unto my outward sight,
seem every Branch and Bough?
The Fields and Flowers, the Streets and Stones,
seems such unto my mind,
That in all other Countries sure,
the like I shall never find.
O that the Sun with shining Face,
would stay his Steed by Strength,
That this same Day might stretched be,
to twenty Years in length:
And that the true performing Tyde,
her hasty Course would stay;
That *Eolus* would never yield,
to bear me hence away.
That by the Fountain of my Eyes,
the Fields might watered be,
That I might grave my grievous plaint,
upon each springing Tree:
But Time I see with Eagle's Wings,
so swift doth fly away:
And dusky Clouds begin to dim
the brightness of the Day:
The fatal Hour draweth on,
the Winds and Tydes agree;
And now sweet *England* oversoon,
I must depart from thee: The

The Mariners have hoisted Sail,
 and call to catch me in,
 And now in woeful Heart I feel,
 my Torments to begin.
 Wherefore farewell for evermore,
 sweet *England* unto thee;
 But farewell all my Friends which I
 again shall never see:
 And *England* here I kiss thy Ground,
 upon my bended Knee,
 Whereby to shew to all the World,
 how dearly I love thee.
 This being said, away he went,
 as Fortune did him guide,
 And at the length with grief of Heart,
 in *Venice* there he dy'd.
 The noble Duke in doleful Sort,
 did lead his Life in *France*;
 And at the last the mighty Lord,
 did him full high advance:
 The Lords of *England* afterwards,
 did send for him again.
 While that King *Richard* at the Wars,
 in *Ireland* did remain:
 Who brought the vile and great Abuse,
 which through his Deeds did spring:
 Deposed was, and then the Duke
 was truly crowned King.

VIII. The Noble Acts of Arthur, and the Knights of
 the Round Table. Tune of Flying Fame.

WHEN Arthur first in Court began,
 and was approved King,
 By force of Arms great Victories won,
 and Conquest home did bring:
 Then in *Britain* straight he came,
 where fifty good and able

Knights

Knights then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round Table:
And many Jests and Tournaments,
before them that were drest,
Where valiant Knights did then excel,
and far surmount the rest:
But one Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
who was approved well,
He in his Fights and Deeds of Arms,
all others did excell;
When he had rested him a while,
to play to game and sport,
He thought he would to try himself,
in some adventrous sort:
He armed rode in Forest wide,
and met a Damsel fair,
Who told him of Advenrures great,
whereto he gave good ear:
Why should I not, quoth *Lancelot*, tho'
for that Cause I came hither;
Thou seem'st, quoth she, a goodly Knight,
and I will bring thee thither;
Whereas the mighty Knight doth dwell,
that now is of great Fame;
Therefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your Name?
My Name is *Lancelot du Lake*.
Quoth she, It likes me then,
Here dwells a Knight that never was
e'er match'd with any Man;
Who has in Prison threescore Knights
and four that he has wound;
Knights of King *Arthur's* Court they be,
and of his Table round.
She brought him to a River-side,
and also to a Tree,
Whereon a Copper Basen hung,
his Fellow Shields to see:

He

He struck so hard, the Bason broke ;
when *Tarquin* heard the Sound,
He drove a Horse before him streight;
whereon a Knight lay bound :
Sir Knight, then said Sir *Lancelot*, though,
bring me that Horse-load hither ;
And lay him down, and let him rest,
we'll try our Force together :
And as I understand thou hast,
so far as thou art able,
Done great Despite and Shame unto
the Knights of the Round Table.
If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth *Tarquin*, speedily)
Both thee and all thy Fellowship,
I utterly desie.
That's overmuch, quoth *Lancelot* though,
defend thee by and by,
They put their Spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other fly ;
They coucht their Spears, and Horses ran
as though there had been Thunder,
And each struck them amidst the Shield,
wherewith they broke in sunder :
Their Horses Backs break under them,
the Knights were both aston'd :
To void their Horses they made great hast
to light upon the Ground :
They took them to their Shields full fast,
their Swords they drew out then,
With mighty Stroaks most eagerly
each one at other run :
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for Breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their Swords awhile,
quoth *Tarquin*, Hold thy Hand ;
And tell to me what I shall ask.
Say on, quoth *Lancelot* though.

Thou

Thou art, quoth *Tarquin*, the best Knight
that ever I did know,
And like a Knight that I did hate ;
so that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said, quoth *Lancelot* then,
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show ?
His Name is *Lancelot du Lake*,
he slew my Brother dear ;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy With thou hast, but yet unknown ;
I am *Lancelot du Lake*,
Now Knight of *Arthur's* Table round,
kind *Haude's* Son of *Senwake* ;
And I desire thee do thy worst.
Ho, ho, quoth *Tarquin*, though
One of us two shall end our Lives,
before that we do go :
If thou be *Lancelot du Lake*,
then welcome shalt thou be,
Wherefore see thou thy self defend,
for now I desie thee.
They buckled together so,
like two wild Boars rushing,
And with their Swords and Shields they ran
at one another flashing :
The Ground besprinkled was with Blood,
Tarquin began to faint,
For he gave back, and bore his Shield,
so low he did repent :
Then soon 'spied Sir *Lancelot* though,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his Knee,
and rushing off his Helm,

And

And then he struck his Neck in two,
and when he had done so,
From Prison, threescore Knights and four,
Lancelot deliver'd though.

IX. *A Song in Praise of Women. To a pleasant
new Tune, called, My Valentine.*

A Mong all other Things
That God hath made beneath the Sky,
Most glorious to satisfie the curious Eye
of mortal Men withal;
The sight of Eve,
Did soonest fit his Fancy,
Whose courtesie and amity most speedily
had caught his Heart in Thrall;
Whom he did love so dear,
As plainly doth appear,
He made her Queen of all the World,
and Mistress of his Heart;
Tho' afterwards she wrought his Woe,
his Death and deadly Smart.
What need I speak
Of Matters passed long ago,
Which all Men know I need not show, to High or
the case is so plain: (Low
Attho' that Eve committed then so great,
E'er she went hence,
A Recompence, in Defence,
she made Mankind again:
For by her blessed Seed,
we are redeem'd indeed.
Why should not then, all mortal Men,
esteem of Women well?
And love their Wives, even as their Lives,
as Nature doth compel?
A virtuous Wife
The Scripture doth commend, and say That

That Night and Day, she is a stay from all Decay;
to keep her Husband still;
She useth not
To give herself a wandring,
Or flattering, or prattling, or any thing
to do her Neighbour ill:
But all her Mind is bent
his Pleasure to content;
Her faithful Love doth not remove
for any Storm or Grief:
Then is not he well blest, think ye,
that meets with such a Wife?
But now methinks
I hear some Men do say to me,
Few such there be, in each Degree and Quality
at this Day to be found;
And now a Days
Some Men do set their whole Delight,
Both Day and Night, with all Despite to brawl and
their Rage doth so abound: (fight,
But sure I think and say,
here comes no such to Day;
Nor do I know of any she,
that is within this place,
And yet for fear, I dare swear,
it is so hard a case.
But to conclude,
For Maids, and Wives, and Virgins all,
Both great or small, in Bower or Hall, to pray I
so long as Life doth last, (shall
That they may live,
With Hearts Content, and perfect Peace,
That Joys increase, may never cease, till Death re-
the Care that crept so fast: (lease
For Beauty doth me bind,
To have them all in mind,
Even for her sake, that doth us make
so merry to be seen: C The

The Glory of the Female Kind,
I mean our noble Queen.

X. *A Song in Praise of a Single Life. To the
Tune of The Ghost's Hearse.*

SOME do write of bloody Wars,
Some do shew the severall Jars,
twixt Men, through Envy raised :
Some in Praise of Princes write,
Some set their whole Delight
to hear fair Beauty blazed.
Some other Persons are moved,
for to praise where they are lov'd ;
And let Lovers praise Beauty as they will,
otherways I am intended ;
True Love is little regarded,
And often goes unrewarded :
Then to avoid all Strife,
I'll resolve to lead a single Life,
whereby the Heart is not offended.
O what Suit and Service too,
Is used by them that wooe !
O what Grief in Heart and Mind,
What Sorrow we do find,
Through Woman's fond Behaviour !
Subject to suffer each Hour,
and Speeches sharp and sower,
And Labour, Love, and Cost, perchance 'tis but all
(lost,
And so purchase Pleasure,
And after repent at Leisure ;
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.
To Man in wedded State,
Doth happen much Debate,
except God's special Favour ;
If his Wife be proudly bent,
Or secretly consent
to any lewd Behaviour :

If she be slothful or idle,
Or such as her tongue cannot bridle;
Oh then well were he,

If Death his bane would be ;
no Sorrow else can be amended ;
For look how long he were living,
Evermore he would be gireving ;

Then to avoid all Strife, &c.

Married Folks we often hear,
Even through their Children dear,
have many Causes of Sorrow ;

If disobedient they be found,
Or false in any ground,

by their unlawful Sorrows ;
To see such wicked Fellows,
Shamefully come unto the Gallows ;

Whom Parents with great Care
Nourished with dainty Fare,

from their Care truly tended ;
Whenas their Mothers before them,
Doth curse the Day that e'er they bore them ;

Then to avoid all Strife, &c.

Do we then behold and see,
When Men and Wives agree,
and live together ;

Where the Lord hath sent them eke,
Fair Children mild and meek,

like Flowers in Summer-Weather :
How greatly are they grieved,

And will not by Joy be relieved,
If that Death doth call,

Either Wife or Children small,
whom their Virtues do commend ;

Their Losses whom they thus added,
From teer Hearts cannot be moved ;

Then to avoid all Strife, &c.

Who being in that happy State,
Would work himself such Hate,

his Fancy for to follow ?
Or living here devoid of Strife,
Would take him to a Wife,
for to procure his Sorrow,
With carping and with caring,
Evermore must be sparing,
Were he not worse than mad,
Being merry, would be sad ?
Were he to be commended
That e'er would seek much Pleasure,
where Grief is all his Treasure ?
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.

XI. *The Widow's Solace. To the Tune of
Robinson Almain.*

Mourn no more fair Widow,
thy Tears are all in vain ;
Tis neither Grief nor Sorrow,
can call the Dead again :
Man's well enough compared
unto the Summer's Flower,
Which now is fair and pleasant,
yet withereth in an Hour :
*And mourn no more in vain,
as one whose Faith is small,
Be patient in Affliction,
and give God Thanks for all.*
All Men are born to die,
the Scripture telleth plain ;
Of Earth we were created,
to Earth we must again :
'Twas neither *Cæsar's* Treasure,
nor *Alexander's* Fame ;
Nor *Solomon* by Wisdom,
that could *Death's* Fury tame ;
No Physick might preserve them,
when Nature did decay ;

What

What Man can hold for ever;
the Thing that will away ?

Then mourn no more, &c.

Though you have lost your Husband;
your Comfort in Distress;

Consider God regardeth
the Widow's Heaviness :

And hath strictly charged,
such as his Children be,

The Fatherless and Widow
to shield from Injury :

Then mourn &c.

If he were true and faithful,
and loving unto thee,

Doubt not but there's in England,
enough as good as he :

But if that such Affection,
within his Heart was none ;

Then give God Praise and Glory,
that he is dead and gone :

And mourn no more, &c.

Receive such Suitors friendly,
as do resort to thee ;

Respect not the outward Person,
but the inward Gravity :

And with advised Judgment,
chuse him above the rest,

Whom thou by Proof hast tried,
and found to be the best :

Then mourn no more, &c.

Then shalt thou live a Life
exempt from all annoy ;

And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God give thee Joy :

And thus I make an end,
with true Humility ;

In hope my simple Solace,
may well accepted be :

Then mourn no more, &c.

XII. *A Gentlewoman's Complaint, against her
Faithless Friend, &c.*

FAith is a Figure standing now for nought,
Faith is a Fancy we ought to cast in Thought,
Faith now-a-days, as all the World may see,
Resteth in few, and is fled from thee:
Is there any Faith in Strangers to be found?
Is there any Faith lies hidden in the Ground?
Is there any Faith in Men that buried be?
No, there is none; and Faith is fled from thee:
Fled is the Faith that might remain in any,
Fled is the Faith that should remain in many,
Fled is the Faith that should in any be;
Then farewell Hope, for Faith is fled from thee.
From Faith I see that every one is flying,
From Faith I see that all things are a dying;
They from Faith, that most in Faith should be,
And Faithless thou, that brake thy Faith to me.
Thee have I sought, but thee I could not find,
Thou of all others was most within my mind;
Thee have I left, and I alone will be,
Because I find that Faith is fled from thee.

XIII. *Of the Prince of England, who wooed the
King's Daughter of France, &c. To the Tune of
Crimson Velvet.*

IN the Days of old,
when fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy;
The King a Daughter had,
beauteous, fair and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
she was his only Joy:
A Prince of England came,
Whose Deeds did merit Fame,

He

he woo'd her long, and loe at last;
Look what he did require,
She granted his Desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her Father proved
Lord! how he was moved,
and tormented in his Mind:
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
Fortune crosses Lovers kind.
When as these Princely Twain,
were thus barr'd of Pleasure,
Through the King's Disdain,
which their Joys withstood,
The Lady lockt up close,
her Jewels and her Treasure,
Having no remorse
of State or Royal Blood:
In homely poor Array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her Love and Heart's Delight;
Who in a Forest great,
Had taken up his Sear,
to wait her coming in the Night;
But loe what sudden Danger,
To this Princely Stranger,
chanced as he sat alone;
By Out-laws he was robbed,
And with Poniard stabbed,
uttering many dying Groans;
The Princess armed by him,
and by true Desire,
Wandering all that Night,
without dread at all:
Still unknown she past,
in her strange Attire,
Coming at the last,
within Echo's Call;

You fair Woods, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my Heart's Delight,
Which doth encompass here,
My Joy and only Dear
my trusty Friend and comely Knight;
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to wooe thee,
that thou may'st not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all I make to thee,
Passing thus alone,
through the silent Forest,
Many a grievous Groan
founded in her Ear,
Where she heard a Man
to lament the forest
Chance that ever came,
forc'd by deadly Strife;
Farewel my Dear, quoth he,
Whom I shall never see,
For why, my Life is at an end;
For thy sweet sake I die,
Through Villain's Cruelty,
to shew I am a faithful Friend,
Here lie I a bleeding;
While my Thoughts are feeding,
on the rarest Beauty found;
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady,
my Heart Blood lies on the Ground.
With that he gave a Groan,
that break asunder
All the tender Strings
of his gentle Heart;
She who knew his Voice,
at his Tale did wonder,
All

All her former Joys
did to Grief convert :
Straight she ran to see,
Who this Man should be,
that so like her Love did speak ;
And found when as she came,
Her lovely Lord lay slain,
smeer'd in Blood, which Life did break :
Which when that she espied,
Lord how fore she cried,
her Sorrows could not counted be ;
Her Eyes like Fountains running,
While she cry'd out, My Darling,
would God that I had dy'd for thee,
His pale Lips, alas,
twenty Times she kissed,
And his Face did wash
with her brinish Tears ;
Every bleeding Wound,
her fair Face bedewed,
Wiping off the Blood
with her golden Hair ;
Speak fair Prince to me,
one sweet Word of Comfort give ;
Lift up thy fair Eyes,
Listen to my Cries,
think in what great Grief I live.
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
the Prince's Life was fled and gone :
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Sun's returning,
and bright Day was coming on.
In this great Distress,
quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now exprefs,
what will become of me?

To my Father's Court
never will I wander,
But some Service seek,
where I may placed be.
Whilst she thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
in this deep and deadly fear,
A Forrester all in Green,
Most comely to be seen,
ranging the Wood, did find her there;
Rond beset with Sorrow,
Maid, quoth he, good Morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did never
Chance to a Maiden ever,
here lies slain my Brother dear,
Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Forester, tell me,
Where might I procure
a Service in my need?
Pains I will not spare,
but will do my duty;
Ease me of my care,
help my extream need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her Beauty gazed,
'till his Heart was set on Fire;
If, fair Maid quoth he,
You will go with me,
you shall have your Heart's desire.
He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other
he set forth this Maiden's Praise;
Long was his Heart inflamed;
At length her Love he gained,
so Fortune did his Glory raise.
Thus unknown he matcht
with the King's fair Daughter;

Children

Children seven be had,
e'er she to him was known ;
But when he understood
she was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last
he shewed forth her Fame,
He cloath'd his Children then,
Not like other Men,
in party Colours strange to see,
The right side Cloth of Gold,
The left side to behold
of woollen Cloth still framed he.
Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder
this strange Deed in every place :
The King he coming thither,
Being pleasant Weather,
in the Woods the Hart to chase ;
The Children there did stand,
as their Mother willed ;
Where the Royal King
must of Force come by ;
Their Mother richly clad
in fair crimson Velvet ;
Their Father all in gray,
most comely to the Eye.
When this famous King,
Noring every Thing,
did ask him how he durst be so bold,
To let his Wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in costly Robes of Pearl and Gold ?
The Forrester bold replied,
And the Cause descried,
and to the King he thus did say,
Well may they by their Mother,
Wear rich Gold like other,
being by Birth a Princess gay.

The

The King upon these Words,
more heedfully beheld them,
Till a crimson Blush
his Conceit did cross:
The more I look, quoth he,
upon thy Wife and Children,
The more I call to mind
my Daughter whom I lost.
I am that Child, quoth she,
Falling on her Knee,
pardon me my Sovereign Liege,
The King perceiving this,
His Daughter dear did kiss,
till joyful Tears did stop his Speech:
With his Train he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight he dubb'd her Husband Knight;
He made him Earl of *Flanders*,
One of his chief Commanders;
thus was their Sorrow put to Flight.

XIV. *Of the Faithful Friendship between two Faithful Friends. To the Tune of Flying Fame.*

IN stately *Rome* sometime did dwell
a Man of noble Fame,
Who had a Son of seemly shape,
Alphonso was his Name:
When he was grown and come to Age;
his Father thought it best,
To send his Son to *Athens* fair,
where Wisdom's School did rest.
And when he was to *Athens* come,
good Lectures for to learn,
A place to board him with Delight,
his Friends did well discern;
A noble Knight of *Athens* Town,
of him did take the Charge, Who

Who had a Son *Ganfelo* call'd,
just of his Pitch and Age;
In Stature and in Person both,
in Favour, Speech and Face,
In Quality and Conditions eke,
they 'greed in every Place:
So like they were in all Respects,
the one unto the other,
They were not known, but by their Names;
of Father or of Mother.
And as in Favour they were found
alike in all Respects,
Even so they did most dearly Love,
as prov'd by good Effects;
Ganfelo lov'd a Lady fair,
which did in *Athens* dwell,
Who was in Beauty peerless found,
so far she did excel.
Upon a time it chanced so,
as Fancy did him move,
That he would visit, for Delight,
his Lady and his Love;
And to his true and faithful Friend
he declared the same,
Asking of him if he would see
that fair and comely Dame.
Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with *Ganfelo* went,
To see the Lady which he lov'd,
which bred his Discontent:
But when he cast his crystal Eyes
upon her Angel's Hue,
The Beauty of that Lady bright,
did strait his Heart subdue:
His gentle Heart so wounded was,
with that fair Lady's Face,
That afterwards he daily liv'd
in sad and woful case;

And

And of his Grief he knew not how
therefore to make an end,
For that he knew the Lady's Love
was yielded to his Friend.
Then being sore perplext in mind,
upon his Bed he lay,
Like one which Death and deep Despair;
had almost worn away.
His Friend *Ganfelo* that did see
his Grief and great Distress,
At length requested for to know
his cause of heaviness,
With much ado, at length he told
the Truth unto his Friend;
Who did relieve his inward Woe;
with Comfort to the end:
Take Courage then, dear Friend, quoth he;
though she through Love be mine;
My Right I will resign to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.
You know our Favours are alike,
our Speech also likewise;
This Day in mine Apparel
you shall yourself disguise,
And unto Church then shall you go;
directly in my stead;
Lo, though my Friends suppose 'tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.
Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed,
He went that Day and wedded plain
the Lady there indeed:
But when the Nuptial-Feast was done;
and *Phabus* quite was fled,
The Lady for *Ganfelo* took
Alphonso to her Bed.
That Night was spent in pleasant Sport,
and when the Day was come,

A Post for fair *Alphonso* came,
to fetch him home from *Rome*;
Then was the matter plainly prov'd;
Alphonso wedded was,
And not *Ganselo*, to that Dame:
which brought great Woe, alas!
Alphonso being gone to *Rome*,
with this his Lady gay,
Ganselo's Friends and Kindred all,
in such a Rage did stay,
That they depriv'd him of his Wealth,
his Land and rich Attire,
And banish'd him their Country quite,
in Rage and wrathful Ire.
With sad and pensive Thoughts, alas,
Ganselo wandred then;
Who was constrain'd, thro' want, to beg
Relief of many Men.
In this Distress oft would he say,
To *Rome* I mean to go,
To seek *Alphonso*, my dear Friend,
who will relieve my Woe.
To *Rome* when poor *Ganselo* came,
and found *Alphonso's* Place,
Which was so famous, huge and fair,
himself in such poor case,
He was asham'd to shew himself,
in that his poor Array,
Saying *Alphonso* knows me well,
if he would come this way:
Therefore he staid within the Street;
Alphonso then came by,
But heeding not *Ganselo* poor,
his Friend that stood so nigh:
Which griev'd *Ganselo* to the Heart,
quoth he, And is it so?
Doth proud *Alphonso* now disdain
his Friend indeed to know?

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barn hard by,
And presently he drew his Knife,
thinking thereby to die:
And bitterly in Sorrow there,
he did lament and weep,
And being over-weighed with Grief,
he there fell fast asleep.
While soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murdering Thief,
And saw a naked Knife lie by
this Man so full of Grief:
The Knife so bright he took up straight,
and went away again,
And thrust it in a murdered Man,
which he before had slain;
And afterwards he went with speed,
and put this bloody Knife
Into his Hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from Strife:
Which done, away in haste he ran,
and when that Search was made,
Ganfelo with his bloody Knife,
was for the Murder staid.
And brought before the Magistrate,
who did confess most plain,
That he indeed with that same Knife,
the murdered Man had slain.
Alphonso sitting then as Judge,
and knowing *Ganfelo's* Face,
To save his Friend, did say himself
was guilty in that case.
None, quoth *Aphonso*, kill'd the Man,
my Lord, but on y^e;
And therefore set this poor Man free,
and let me just y die:
Thus while for Death these faithful Friends,
in striving did proceed,

The

The Man before the Senate came,
 that did the Fact indeed:
 Who being moved with Remorse,
 their friendly Hearts to see,
 Did before the Judges plain
 none did the Fact but he
 Thus when the Truth was plainly told,
 of all sides Joy was seen
 Alphonso did embrace his Friend,
 which had so woful been;
 In rich Array he cloathed him:
 'as fitted his Degree,
 And helpt him to his Lands again,
 and former Dignity.
 The Murtherer for telling Truth,
 had Pardon at that Time,
 Who afterwards lamented much,
 his foul and grievous Crime.

The End of the FIRST PART.



THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL

The Second Part.

I. *A Pastoral-Song: To the Tune of Hey ho
Holiday, &c.*

UPON a Down where Shepherds keep,
piping pleasant Lays,
Two Country Maids were keeping Sheep,
and sweetly chanted Roundelays;
Three Shepherds each an Oaten Reed,
blaming *Cupid's* cruel Wrong,
Unto these Rural Nymphs agreed,
to keep a tuneful Under-song,
And so they were in Number Five;
Musick's Number sweet,
And we the like let us contrive,
to sing their Song in order meet:
Fair *Phillis's* part I take to me,
the 'gainst loving Hinds complains;
And *Amarillis* thou shalt be,
she defends the Shepherds Swains.
Pb. Fie on the Sights that Men devise.
Sb. Hey ho, silly Sights.
P. When simple Maids they would entice.
s. Maidens are young Mens chief Delights.
A. Nay, Women they with with their Eyes.
s. Eyes like Beams of charming Sun.
A. And Men once caught they soon despise.
s. So are Shepherds oft undone.
P. If any young Man win a Maid.
s. Happy Man is he.

P. By

L

o

By

P. By trusting him she is betray'd.
 S. Fie upon such Treachery.
 A. If Maids catch young Men with their Guiles.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, guiltless Grief.
 A. They deal like weeping Crocodiles,
 S. That murder Man without Relief.
 P. I know a silly Country Hind.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, silly Swain!
 P. To whom fair *Daphne* proved kind.
 S. Was he not kind to her again?
 P. He vow'd to *Pan* with many an Oath.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, Shepherds God is he.
 A. Yet since he hath chang'd and broke's Truth.
 S. Troth plight broke, will plagued be.
 A. She had deceived many a Swain.
 S. Fie upon false Deceit.
 A. And plighted Troth to them in vain.
 S. There can be no Grief more great.
 A. Her measure was with measure paid.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, equal need.
 A. She was beguil'd that was betray'd.
 S. So shall all Deceivers speed.
 P. If every Maid were like to me.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, hard of heart!
 P. Both Love and Lovers scorn'd should be.
 S. Scorners should be sure of smart.
 A. If every Maid were of my Mind.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, lovely sweet.
 A. They to their Lovers should prove kind.
 S. Kindness is for Maidens meet.
 P. Methinks Love is an idle Toy.
 S. Hey ho, hey ho, busie Pain.
 P. Both Wit and Sense it doth annoy.
 S. Both Wit and Sense thereby we gain.
 A. Tush *Phillis*, cease, be not so coy.
 P. Hey ho, hey ho, my disdain!
 A. I know you love a Shepherd's Boy.
 S. Fie on that Woman so can feign.

P. Well

P. Well, *Amarillis*, now I yield.
 S. Shepherds sweetly pipe aloud.
 P. Love conquers both in Town and Field.
 S. Like a Tyrant, fierce and proud.
 A. The Evening-star is up we see.
 S. *Vesper* shines, we must away.
 P. Would every Lady would agree.
 S. So we end our Roundelay.

II. *The Sinner's Redemption: The Nativity of our
 Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, with his Life on
 Earth, and precious Death on the Cross.*

ALL you that are to Mirth enclin'd,
 Consider well and bear in mind;
 What our good God for us hath done,
 In sending his beloved Son.
 Let all our Songs and Praises be
 Unto his Heavenly Majesty;
 And evermore amongst our Mirth,
 Remember Christ our Saviour's Birth.
 The Five and Twentieth of *December*,
 Good cause we have for to remember,
 In *Bethlehem* upon this Morn,
 There was our blest *Messias* born.
 The Night before that happy Tide,
 The spotless Virgin and her Guide,
 Were long time seeking up and down,
 To find them Lodging in the Town.
 And mark how all things came to pass,
 The Inns and Lodgings so fill'd was,
 That they could have no Room at all,
 But in a silly Ox's Stall.
 This Night the Virgin *Mary* mild,
 Was safe deliver'd of a Child,
 According unto Heaven's Decree,
 Man's sweet Salvation for to be.

1. Near *Bethlehem* did *Shepherds* keep
Their Herds and Flocks of feeding Sheep;
To whom God's Angel did appear,
Which put the *Shepherds* in great Fear.
Prepare and go, the Angel said,
To *Bethlehem*, be not afraid,
There shall you see this blessed Morn;
The Princely Babe, sweet *Jesus* born,
With thankful Hearts, and joyful Mind,
The *Shepherds* went this Babe to find;
And as the Heavenly Angel told,
They did our Saviour *Christ* behold,
Within a Manger was he laid,
The Virgin *Mary* by him staid,
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Being both Mother, Maid, and Wife.
Three Eastern Wise Men from afar,
Directed by a glorious Star,
Came boldly on, and made no stay,
Until they came where *Jesus* lay:
And being come unto the Place
Wherein the blest *Messias* was,
They humbly laid before his Feet,
Their Gifts of Gold and Odour sweet.
See how the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Shew'd himself lowly in his Birth:
A sweet Example for Mankind,
To learn to bear an humble Mind.
No costly Robes nor rich Attire,
Did *Jesus Christ* our Lord desire;
No Musick, nor sweet Harmony,
Till glorious Angels from on High,
Did in melodious manner sing,
Praises unto our Heavenly King,
All Honour, Glory, Might and Power,
Be unto *Christ* our Saviour.
If Choirs of Angels did rejoyce,
May Mankind with Heart & Voice,

D 3 Sing

Nea

Sing Praises to the God of Heaven,
That unto us a Son hath given.
Moreover, let us every one
Call unto mind, and think upon
His righteous Life, and how he dy'd,
To have poor Sinners justify'd.
Suppose, O Man, that thou should'st lie
In Prison strong, condemn'd to die,
And that no Friend upon the Earth,
Could ransom thee from cruel Death,
Except you can some Party find,
That for your Sake will be so kind,
His own Hearts Blood for to dispence,
And lose his Life in thy Defence.
Such was the Love of Christ, when we
Were lost to Hell perpetually,
To save us from the Gulph of Woe,
Himself much Pain did undergo.
Whilst in this World he did remain,
He never spent one Hour in vain:
In Fasting, and in Prayer Divine,
He daily spent away the Time:
He in the Temple daily taught,
And many Wonders strange he wrought.
He gave the Blind their perfect Sight,
And made the Lame to walk upright.
He cur'd the Lepers of their Evils,
And by his Power he cast out Devils.
He raised *Lazarus* from the Grave,
And to the sick their health he gave.
But yet for all these Wonders wrought,
The Jews his dire Destruction sought:
The Traytor *Judas* was the Man,
That with a Kiss betray'd him then.
Then was he lead to Justice-Hall,
Like one despis'd amongst them all;
And had the Sentence given, That he
Should suffer Death upon a Tree.

Unto

Unto the Execution-Place
They brought him on with much Disgrace;
With vile reproachful Taunts and Scorns
They crown'd him with a Wreath of Thorns:
Then to the Cross thro' Hands and Feet
They nail'd our blest Redeemer sweet;
And further to augment his Smart, ;
With bloody Spear they pierc'd his Heart:
Thus have you seen and heard aright,
The Love of Christ, the Lord of Might;
And how he shed his precious Blood,
Only to do us Sinners good.

III. *A wonderful Prophecie, declared by Christian James, a Maid of twenty Years of Age, who was born near Padstow in the County of Cornwall, &c. To the Tune of In Summer-time.*

THE mighty Lord that rules in Heaven,
strange Wonders doth in *England* send;
And many Warnings hath us given,
'cause we our Lives should soon amend:
But like the misbelieving Jews,
so hard of heart our People be,
They think that nothing can be true;
but that which their own Eyes do see.
Therefore, good People, mark it well,
I'll here lay open to your view
A Song most wonderful and strange,
and can approve it to be true:
A Damsel did near *Padstow* dwell,
within the County of *Cornwall* fair;
Whose Parents had no Child but her;
she was her Father's only Heir:
To whom came many a brave young man,
intending to make her a Wife;
But never tempting Tongue could make
this Damsel change her maiden-life:

And

And tho' her Parents Riches had,
and costly Garments her allow'd,
In homely Habit she would go,
and alway hated to be proud.
She ne'er was heard to curse or swear,
nor any Word of Anger give,
But courteous was in every thing,
to them that did about her live :
If she heard any one to swear,
or take God's Sacred Name in vain,
She told them that they crucified
our Saviour Jesus Christ again.
She often did frequent the Church,
and also did relieve the Poor,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
she every Day fed at her Door.
Upon a time, this Damsel she
fell sick, and in a deadly Swound
She lay, for twenty Hour's space,
no life in her then could be found :
Her aged Father did lament,
her Mother she shed many a Tear :
She wept, she wail'd, she wrung her Hands
for loss of this her Daughter dear,
Alas ! alas ! my Child, she said,
how dearly have I rendered thee,
And wilt thou now forsake the World,
and leave me in this misery ?
I would thy Birth had been my Death,
then never had I known this day !
This grievous moan her Mother made
by her dear Daughter as she lay ;
At last she did strong-waters fetch,
and rubs her Temples and each Vein,
Till at the last the Damsel had
recover'd Life and Sense again :
And being come unto her Speech,
with Voice most shrill, aloud she cry'd,

O Mother, you have done me wrong,
this cannot be by you deny'd;
For I was in the way to Heaven,
two glorious Angels did me guide,
Who gently took me by the Hand,
and help me up on every side;
Singing of Psalms and spiritual Songs,
so long as we pass'd on the Way,
Till he which had a golden Crown
met us, and caused us to stay:
Return, said he, from whence thou cam'st,
thy Mother for thee makes great moan,
And tell these things, which I declare,
unto thy Neighbours every one.
Speak this, quoth he, unto them all,
How that the Lord e'er long will send
A grievous Punishment to them
that do wilfully his Will offend:
This is the last Age of the World,
even to the very Sink of Sin,
The Puddle of Iniquity,
which you long time have wallowed in.
The Men and Wives live in Discord,
the Father envies his own Son;
The Rich, the Poor, the Old, the Young
do hourly into Mischief run:
Extortion and Idolatry;
and hateful Pride is now in use;
Blasphemous Oaths and Curses vile,
the People count as no abuse.
Good Ministers are set at naught,
the Sabbath is prophan'd also;
The Poor lie starving in the Street,
oppress'd with Sorrow, Grief and Woe.
The loathsome Sin of Drunkenness,
and Whoredom, doth too much exceed;
He that can do his Neighbour wrong,
doth think he doth a goodly Deed. Now

Now ponder well what I do say;
Doom's dreadful Day is nigh at hand,
Fire and Brimstone shall destroy
the Heaven, the Earth, the Sea and Land;
And every Soul before the Lord,
a just Account he then shall give;
His Conscience shall a Witness be,
in what a condition he did live.
Then he that hath done well shall pass
forthwith to everlasting rest,
And live amongst those glorious Saints,
which Jesus Christ our Lord hath blest;
Where Martyrs, Prophets, and Patriarchs,
do Hallelujahs ever sing,
Glory and Honour be to God,
and unto Christ our Heavenly King.
Then woe to them that have done ill,
when they shall hear the Sentence past,
Depart ye Cursed into Hell,
whose Fire for evermore shall last:
The Sorrows which are here foretold,
will come on you, e'er it be long.
Except Repentance truly dwell
in Hearts of all, both old and young.
Repentance, and true warry Eyes,
will help to quench the burning Flame
Which he hath kindled, to consume
this wicked World's most rotten Frame:
Let not your Building all, so brave,
be burnt and wasted with God's Ire,
Nor let your Souls, for whom Christ dy'd,
be burnt in Hell's Eternal Fire.

Here endeth the Prophecy.

These Speech's spoke, the Maiden dy'd,
and came no more to Life again;
Her Soul, no doubt, is gone to Heaven,
with glorious Angels to remain:

At

At her Déease, an Harmony
 of Musick there was heard to sound,
 Which ravish'd all the Standers-by,
 it did with sweetness so abound ;
 It pierc'd the Earth and Air also,
 yet no man knew from whence it came ;
 But each one said it came from Heaven :
 and presently. upon the same,
 The Magistrates of that same Parish,
 which heard and saw this Wonder strange,
 Desir'd to have it put in Print,
 'cause wicked men their ways may change.

IV. *Of Patient Grissel and a Noble Marquis.* T
the Tune of The Bride's Good-morrow.

A Noble Marquess as he did ride a hunting,
 hard by a River side,
 A proper Maiden, she did sit a spinning,
 his gentle Eye espy'd ;
 Most fair and lovely, and of comely Grace was she,
 although in simple Attire ;
 She sang most sweet with pleasant Voice melodi
 The more he lookt, the more he might, [ously
 Beauty bred his Heart's Delight ;
 and to this Damsel he went.
 God speed, quoth he, thou famous Flower,
 Fair Mistrefs of this homely Bower,
 Where Love and Vertue lives with sweet content
 With comely Gesture, and modest mild Behaviour
 she bad him welcome then ;
 She entertain'd him in a friendly manner,
 and all his Gentlemen.
 The Noble Marquess in his heart felt such Flame,
 which sets his Senses all at Strife.
 Quoth he, Fair Maiden, shew soon what is thy
 I mean to take thee to my Wife. (Name :
 Grissel is my Name, quoth she, Far

Far unfit for your Degree:

a silly Maiden, and of Parents poor.

Nay, *Grissel*, thou art rich he said,

A vertuous, fair and comely Maid;

grant me thy Love, and I will ask no more.

At length she consented, and being both contented,
they married were with speed:

Her Country Ruffet, was turn'd to Silk and Velvet,
as to her State agreed:

And when that she was trimly attired in the same,
her Beauty shin'd most bright:

For staining every other brave and comely Dame,
that did appear in her Sight:

Many envied her therefore,

Because she was of Parents poor,

and 'twixt her Lord and her great strife did raise:

Some said this, and some said that;

Some did call her Beggar's Brat,

and to her Lord they would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marquis, quoth they, why do you wrong us
thus basely for to wed;

That might have got an honourable Lady,
into your Princely Bed:

Who will not now your noble Issue still deride,
which shal be hereafter born;

Thre are of Blood so base by the Mother's side,
the which will bring them to Scorn:

Put her therefore quite away;

Take to you a Lady gay,

whereby your Lineage may renowned be.

Thus every Day they seem'd to prate,

At malic'd *Grissel's* good Estate,

who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the Marquis did see that they were bent
against his faithful Wife, [thus

Who most dearly, tenderly and intirely
he loved as his Life:

Minding in secret for to prove her patient heart,
thereby her Foes to disgrace:

Thinking

Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that Men might pity her Case :
Great with Child this Lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
two lovely Children at one Birth she had,
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content, (glad
and which did make their Mother's Heart full
Great Royal Feasting were at the Childrens christ-
and princely Triumph made, [ning
Six Weeks together, all Nobles that came thither,
were entertain'd and staid :
And when that these pleasant Sportings quite were
the Marquis a Messenger sent [done,
For his young Daughter and his pretty smiling Son,
declaring his full Intent,
How that the Babes must murdered be,
For so the Marquess did decree.

Come let me have the Children, he said.
With that fair *Grissel* wept full sore,
She wrung her Hands and said no more,
My gracious Lord must have his Will obey'd.
She took the Babies from the Nursing-Ladies,
between her tender Arms,
She often wishes, with many sorrowful Kisses,
that she might help their Harms :
Farewel, quoth she, my Children dear,
never shall I see you again ;
'Tis long of me, your sad and woful mother dear
for whose sake you must be slain :
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy case,
but now you must die for my Unworthiness.
Come messenger of Death, quoth she,
Take my despised Babes to thee,
and to their Father my Complaints express.
He took the Children, and to his noble master
he brought them forth with speed ; Wh

Who secretly sent them unto a noble Lady
to be nurst up indeed.

Then to fair *Grissel* with a heavy Heart he goes,
where she sat mildly all alone,

A pleasant Gesture and a lovely Look she shows,
as if Grief she had never known,

Quoth he, my Children now are slain,

What thinks fair *Grissel* of the same?

Sweet *Grissel* now declare thy mind to me,

Since you my Lord are pleas'd with it,

Poor *Grissel* thinks the Action fit,

both I and mine at your Command will be.

The Nobles murmur, fair *Grissel*, at thine honour,
and I no Joy can have,

Till thou be banisht from my Court and Presence,
as they unjustly crave.

Thou must be stript out of thy stately Garments,
and as thou camest to me,

In homely gray. instead of Silk and purest Pall,
now all thy Cloathing must be,

My Lady thou must be no more,

Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me sore,

the poorest Life must now content thy mind.

A Groat to thee I may not give,

Thee to maintain while I do live,

'gainst my *Grissel* such great Foes I find.

When gentle *Grissel* heard these woful tidings,
the tears stood in her Eyes.

She nothing said, no Words of Discontentment
did from her Lips arise.

Her Velvet Gown most patiently she stript off,
her Girdle of Silk of the same: (scoff;

Her russet Gown was brought again with many a
to bear them all herself did frame:

When she was drest in this Array,

And ready was to part away.

God send long Life unto my Lord, quoth she;

Let no Offence be found in this,

To give my Lord a parting Kiss:

with

with watry Eyes, Farewel. my Dear, quoth he.
From stately Palace unto her Father's Cottage,
poor *Grissel* now is gone ;
Full fifteen Winters she lived there contented,
no Wrong she thought upon ;
And at that time thro' all the Land the Speeches went
the Marquess should married be
Unto a noble Lady of high Descent,
and to the same all Parties did agree.
The Marquess sent for *Grissel* fair,
The Bride's Bed chamber to prepare,
that nothing shoud therein be found awry ;
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great Joy to all and some ;
and *Grissel* took all this most patiently ;
And in the morning when that they should be wed-
her Patience now was try'd, [ded,
Grissel was charged in princely manner
for to attire the Bride :
Most willingly she gave consent unto the same,
the Bride in her Bravery was drest,
And presently the noble Marquis thither came,
with all the Ladies at his Request.
Oh *Grissel* ! I would ask of thee,
If to this Match thou wouldst agree ?
methinks thy Looks are waxed wondrous coy.
With that they all began to smile,
And *Grissel* she replies the while,
God send Lord Marquis many Years of Joy.
The Marquis was moved, to see his best beloved
thus patient in Distress,
He stept unto her, and by the Hand he took her,
these Words he did express, [have,
Thou art the Bride, and all the Brides I mean to
these two thy own Children be ;
The youthful Lady on her Knees did blessing crave
the Brother as willing as she :

And

And you that envy her Estate,
Whom I have made my loving Mate,
now blush for shame, and honour vertuous Life;
The Chronicles of lasting Fame,
Shall evermore extol the Name,
of Patient Grissel, my most constant Wife.

III. *A Pleasant Dialogue between Plain Truth and
Blind Ignorance.*

Truth.] **G**OD speed you ancient Father,
and give you a good Day,
What is the Cause, I pray you,
so sadly here you stay?

And that you keep such gazing,
on this decayed Place?

The which for Superstition,
good Princes down did raze,

Ignorance.] Chill tell thee by my vazen,
that sometimes che have known,

A vair and goodly Abbey,
stand here of Brick and Stone:

And many holy Urier,
as ich may say to thee,

Within these goodly Cloysters,
che did full often see.

Truth.] Then I must tell thee, Father,
in Truth and Verity,

A sort of greater Hypocrites,
thou could'st not likely see:

Deceiving of the Simple,
with false and feigned Lies;

But such an Order, truly,
Christ never did devise.

Ign.] Ah, ah, che zvell thee now Man,
che know well what thou art;

A Vellow of mean Learning,
che was not worth a vart:

Ver

Vor when we had the old Law;
a merry World was then,
And every thing was plenty,
among all sorts of Men.

Truth.] Thou givest me an Answer,
as did the Jews sometimes,
Unto the Prophet *Jeremy*,
when he accus'd their Crimes :
'Twas Mercy, said the People,
and joyful in our Realm,
Which did offer Spice-cakes,
unto the Queen of Heaven.

Ign.] Chill tell thee what, Good-vellow,
before the Vicars went hence,
A Bushel of the best Wheat
was zold for vourteen pence :
And vorry Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new ;
And this zhe zay my zelf have zeen,
and yet itch am no Jew.

Truth.] Within the sacred Bible,
we find it written plain,
The latter Days should troublesome
and dangerous be, certain ;
That we should be Self-Lovers,
and Charity wax cold ;
Then 'tis not true Religion
that makes the Grief to hold.

Ign.] Chill tell thee my Opinion plain,
and choul that well ye knew,
Ich care not for the Bible Book,
'tis too big to be true :
Our blessed Lady's Pfalter,
zhall for my Money go ;
Zuch pretty Prayers as there be,
the Bible cannot zhow.

Truth.] Now thou hast spoken truly,
for in that Book indeed,

No mention of our Lady,
or Romish Saint we read :
For by the blessed Spirit
that Book indited was,
And not by simple Persons,
as is the foolish Mass.

Ign.] Cham zure they are not voolish;
that made the Mass che trow ;
Why Man ? 'tis all in Latin,
and Vools no Latin know :
Were not our Fathers wise Men,
and they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
to hear the Zeering Bell ?

Truth.] But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to thee,
Have wisht the Light that you have,
and could it never see :

For what art thou the better ?
a Latin Song to hear,
And understandeth nothing,
that they sing in the Choir ?

Ign.] O hold thy Peace che pray thee,
the Noise was passing trim,
To hear the Uriers zinging,
as we did enter in :

And then to zee the Rood-lost
zo bravely zet with Zaints,
And now to zee them wandring,
my heart with zorrow vaints.

Truth,] The Lord did give Commandment
no Image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto Idolatry
you should yourself betake :

The Golden Calf of *Israel*,
Moses did therefore spoil,
And *Baal's* Priests and Temple,
he brought to utter Foil.

Ign.]

Ign.] But our Lady of *Walsingham*,
was a pure and holy Zaint,
And many Men in Pilgrimage,
did shew to her Complaint:
Yea, with zweet *Thomas Becket*,
and many other mo,
The holy Maid of *Kent* likewise;
did many Wonders zhow.

Truth.] Such Saints are well agreeing
to your Profession sure;

And to the Men that made them,
so precious and so pure:

The one was found a Traytor,
and judg'd worthy of Death;

The other eke for Treason,
did end his hateful Breath.

Ign.] Yea, yea, it is no matter,
dispraise them how you will;

But zure they did much Goodness,
would they were with us still:

We had our holy Water,
and holy Bread likewise,

And many holy Reliques,
we zaw before our Eyes.

Truth.] And all this while they fed you
with vain and sundry Shows,

Which never Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knows;

Search then the holy Scriptures,
and you shall plainly see

That headlong to Damnation,
they always trained thee.

Ign.] If it be true, Good-vellow,
as thou dost zay to me;

Then to my Zaviour Jesus,
alone then will I flee:

Believing in the Gospel,
and Passion of his Zon;

And with the subtil Papists, had I not said [unclear]
ich have for ever done.

IV. *The Overthrow of proud Holofernes, and the
Triumph of vertuous Queen Iudith.*

WHEN King Nebuchadnezzar
was puffed up with Pride,
He sent forth many Men of War
by *Holofernes* Guide;
To plague and spoil the World throughout
by fierce *Bellona's* Rod,
That would not fear and honour him,
and acknowledge him their God.
Which when the holy Israelites
did truly understand,
For to prevent this Tyranny;
they fortified their Land:
Their Towns and stately Cities strong
they did with Victuals store;
Their warlike Weapons they prepar'd
their furious Foe to gore.
When stately *Holofernes* then
had knowledge of that thing,
That they had thus prepar'd themselves
for to withstand the King;
Quoth he, What God is able now
to keep these Men from me?
Is there a Greater than our King,
whom all Men fear to see?
Come, march with me, therefore, he said,
my Captains every one;
And first unto *Bethulia*
with speed let us be gone:
I will destroy each Mother's Son,
that is within the Land,
Their God shall not deliver them
out of my furious hand, Where

Wherefore about *Bethulia*,
that little City then,
On Foot he planted up and down
an hundred thousand Men;
Twelve thousand more on Horses brave,
about the Town had he;
He stopt their Springs and Water-pipes,
to work their Misery.
When four and thirty Days they had
with Wars besieged been,
The poor *Bethulians* at that time,
so thirsty then were seen,
That they were like to starve and dye,
they were both weak and faint;
The People 'gainst the Rulers cry,
and this was their Complaint:
Better it is for us, quoth they,
to yield unto our Foe,
Than by this great and grievous Thirst,
to be destroyed so:
O render up the Town therefore,
we are forsaken quite;
There is no means to escape their Hands,
who might escape their might?
Whenas their grieved Rulers heard
the Clamours which they made,
Good People be content, said they,
and be no whit dismay'd;
Yet five Days stay in hope of Health,
God will reward your Woe:
But if by then no Succour come,
we'll yield unto our Foe.
When *Judith*, prudent, princely Dame,
had Tydings of this thing,
Which was *Manasses's* beauteous Wife,
that sometime was their King,
Why tempt ye God so sore, she said,
before all Men this Day.

Whom mortal Men in Conscience ought
to fear and eke obey ?
If you will grant me leave, quoth she,
to pass abroad this Night,
To *Holofernes* I will go,
for all his furious Might :
But what I do intend to do,
enquire not now of me :
Go then in Peace, fair Dame, they said,
and God be still with thee.
When she from them was gotten home,
within her Palace-gate,
She called to her chiefeft Maid,
that on her then did wait :
Bring me my best Attire, quoth she,
and Jewels of fine Gold ;
And wash me with the finest Balms,
that are for Silver sold.
The fairest and the richest Robe,
that then she did possess,
Upon her dainty Corpse she put,
and eke her Hair did dress
With costly Pearls, and precious Stones,
and Ear-rings of fine Gold ;
That like an Angel she did seem,
most sweet for to behold :
A Pot of sweet and pleasant Oil,
she took with her that time,
A Bag of Figs, and fine Wheat-flower,
a Bottle of fine Wine ;
Because she would not eat with them,
that worship Gods of Stone ;
And from her City thus she went,
with one poor Maid alone.
Much ground, alas, she had not gone,
out of her own City ;
But that the Centinels espy'd
a Woman wondrous pritty :

From

From whence came you, fair Maid, quoth they,
and where walk you so late ?
From yonder Town, good Sirs, quoth she,
unto your Lord of high Estate.
When they did mark and view her well,
and saw her fair Beauty ;
And therewithal her rich Array,
so gorgeous to the Eye:
They were amazed in their Minds,
so fair a Dame to see,
They set her in a Chariot then,
in Place of high Degree:
An hundred proper chosen Men,
they did appoint likewise,
To wait on princely *Judith* there,
whose Beauty clear'd their Eyes :
And all the Soldiers running came,
to view her as she went ;
And thus with her they past along,
unto the General's Tent.
Then came his stately Guard in haste,
fair *Judith* for to meet ;
And to their high, renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet ;
And then before his Honour,
upon her Knee she fell,
Her Beauty bright made him to muse,
so far she did excell,
Rise up, renowned Dame, quoth he,
the Glory of thy Kind,
And be no whit amaz'd at all,
to shew to me thy Mind.
When she had uttered her Intent,
her Wit amaz'd them all,
And *Holofernes* therewith,
by Love wa brought to Thrall :
And bearing in his lofty Breast
the Flames of hot Desire,

He granted every thing to her,
she did of him require :
Each Night therefore he gave her leave
to walk abroad to pray,
According to her own Request,
which she had made that Day.
When she in Camp had three Days been
near *Holofernes* Tent,
His chiefest Friend, Lord Treasurer,
unto her then he sent :
Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands
this Night your Company.
Quoth she, I will not my dear Lord
in any thing deny.
A very great and sumptuous Feast
did *Holofernes* make,
Amongst the Lords and Knights,
and all for *Judith's* sake :
But of their Dainties in no case
would pleasant *Judith* taste :
Yet *Holofernes* merry was,
so near him she was plac'd.
And being very pleasantly
disposed at that Time,
He drunk with them abundantly
of strong delicious Wine:
So that his strength and Memory,
so far from him was fled,
They laid him down, and *Judith* then
was brought unto his Bed,
When all the Doors about were shut,
and every one was gone,
Hard by the Pillow of his Bed,
his Sword she 'spy'd anon :
Then down she took it presently ;
to God for Strength she pray'd,
She cut his Head from Shoulders quite,
and gave it to her Maid.

The

The rich and golden Canopy,
that hung over his Bed,
She took the same with her likewise,
with *Holofernes* Head :
And thus thro' all the Court of Guards
she escap'd clean away,
None did her stay, thinking that she
had gone forth to pray.
When she had past, escaped quite
the Danger of them all,
And that she was come near unto
the besieged City's Wall :
Come, open me the Gates, quoth she,
our Foe the Lord hath slain,
See here his Head within my hand,
that bore so great a Fame.
Upon a Pole they pitcht his Head,
that all Men might it 'spy,
And o'er the City-wall forthwith,
they set it presently :
Then all the Soldiers in the Town
march'd forth in rich Array,
But soon their Foes 'spy'd their Approach,
for 'twas at break of Day.
Then running hastily to call
their General out of Bed,
They found his lifeless Body there,
but clean without his Head :
When this was known, all in amaze,
they fled away each Man,
They left their Tents full rich behind,
and so away they ran.
Lo here, behold how God provides
for them that in him trust,
When earthly Hopes are all in vain,
he takes us from the Dust :
How often hath our *Judith* sav'd
and kept us from Decay,

'Gainst *Holofernes* and the Pope,
as may be seen this Day?

V. *A Princely Ditty, in Praise of the English Rose,
Translated out of the French.*

Amongst the Princely Paragons,
Bedeckt with dainy Diamonds,
Within mine Eye, none doth come nigh
the sweet Red Rose of *England*;
The Lillies pass in Bravery,
In *Flanders, Spain, and Italy,*
But yet the famous Flower of *France,*
doth honour the Rose of *England.*
As I abroad was walking,
I heard the small Birds talking:
And every one did frame her Song
in Praise of the Rose of *England*;
The Lillies, &c.
Cesar may vaunt of Victories,
And *Cræsus* of his Happiness,
But he were blest, that may bear in his Breast,
the sweet red Rose of *England*;
The Lillies, &c.
The bravest Lute bring hither,
And let us sing together,
Whilst I do ring, on every String,
the Praise of the Rose of *England*;
The Lillies, &c.
The sweetest Perfumes and Spices,
The Wise Men brought to *JESUS,*
Did never smell a quarter so well,
as doth the Rose of *England*;
The Lillies, &c.
Then fair and princely Flower,
That ever my Heart doth Power,
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Rose of *England*;
The Lillies, &c.

VI. *A Communication between Fancy and Desire;*

Come hither Shepherd's Swain.

Sir, What do you require?

I pray thee shew thy Name?

My Name is Fond Desire.

When wast thou born, Desire?

In Pomp and Pride of *May*.

By whom, sweet Child, wast thou begot?

Of fond Conceit, Men say.

Tell me, Who was thy Nurse?

Sweet Youth, and sugred Joys.

What was thy Meat and dainty Food?

Sad Sighs and great Annoys.

What hadst thou for to drink?

Unfavoury Lovers Tears.

What Cradle was thou rocked in?

In Love devoid of Fears.

What lull'd thee then asleep?

Sweet Speech, which likes me best.

Tell me where is thy Dwelling-Place?

In gentle Hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most?

To gaze on Beauty still.

Whom dost thou think to be thy Foe?

Disdain of my Good-will.

Doth Company displease?

Yea sure, many one.

Where doth Desire delight to live?

He loves to live alone.

Doth either Time or Age

bring him to Decay?

No, no, Desires both lives and dies
ten thousand times a Day.

Then fond Desire, farewell,

thou art no Meat for me;

I should loth to dwell

with such a one as thee.

THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

The Third Part.

I. *A Maid's Choice betwixt Age and Youth.*

CRabbed Age and Youth
cannot live together;
Youth is full of Pleasure,
Age is full of Care:
Youth's like Summer's Morn,
Age like Winter's Weather;
Youth is full of Sport,
Age's Breath is short,
Youth is wild, and Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame;
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee.
O my Love, my Lord is young;
Age I do defie thee,
O sweet Shepherd hye thee,
for methinks thou stayest too long.
Here I do attend,
arm'd by Love and Pleasure:
With my youthful Friend,
joyful for to meet:
Here I do wait,
for my only Treasure,
Venus sugared Habit,
Fancy dainty sweet:
Like a loving Wife,
So I lead my Life,

thirking

thirsting for my heart's Desire
Come sweet Youth, I pray,
Away old Man, away,
thou can'st not give, what I require;
For old Age I care not,
Come my Love and spare not.
Age is feeble, Youth is strong;
Age I do despise thee,
O sweet Shepherd hie thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long.
Phabus stay thy Steeds
over-swift running;
Drive not on so fast,
bright resplendent Sun:
For fair *Daphne's* sake,
now express thy Cunning;
Pity on me take,
else I am undone;
Your Hours swift of Flight,
That wake with *Titan's* fight,
and so consume the chearful Day:
O stay a while with me,
Till I my Love may see;
O Youth thou dost so long delay:
Time will over-slip us,
And in Pleasure trip us,
Come away therefore with speed:
I would not lose an Hour,
For fair *London's* Tower,
Venus therefore help my need.
Flora's Banks are spread,
in their rich Attire,
With their dainty Violet,
and the Primrose sweet:
Daffies white and red,
sitting Youth's Desire,
Whereby the Daffadilly,
and the Cowslip meet;

All for Youth's behove,
Their fresh Colours move;
in the Meadows green and gay;
The Birds with sweeter Notes,
So strain their pretty Throats,
to entertain my Love this Way.
I wish twenty Wishes;
And an hundred Kisses,
would receive him by the Hand;
If he give not me a Fall,
I would him Coward call,
and all unto my Word would stand.
Lo, here he appears,
like young *Adonis*,
Ready to set on Fire,
the chastest Heart alive;
Jewel of my Life,
welcome where thine own is,
Pleasant are thy Looks,
Sorrows to deprive;
Embracing thy darling Dear,
Without all doubtful Fear;
on thy command I wholly rest,
Do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree,
and be not strange to my request :
To Youth I only yield,
Age fits not *Venus* Field,
tho' I be conquer'd, what care I;
In such a pleasant War,
Come meet me if you dare,
who first mislikes, let them cry.

II. Song.

AS you came from the Holy Land
of *Walsingham*,
Met you not with my true Love,
by the way as you came; How

How should I know your true Love,
that have met many a one,
As I came from the Holy Land,
that have come, that have gone?
She is neither white nor brown,
but as the Heavens fair;
There is none hath a Form so divine,
on the Earth, in the Air.
Such a one did I meet (good Sir)
with Angel-like Face,
Who like a Queen did appear,
in her Gate, in her Grace.
She hath left me here all alone,
all alone and unknown,
Who sometimes lov'd me as her Life,
and call'd me her own.
What's the cause she hath left thee alone,
and a new way doth take,
That sometimes did love thee as her Life,
and her Joy did thee make?
I lov'd her all my Youth,
but now am old as you see,
Love liketh not the fallen Fruit,
nor the withered Tree:
For Love is a careless Child,
and forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
and in Faith never fast.
For Love is a great Delight,
and yet a trustless Joy,
He is won with a Word of Despair,
and is lost with a Toy;
Such is the Love of Womankind;
or the Word (Love) abused,
Under which many childish Desires,
and Conceits are excused:
But Love is a durable Fire,
in the Mind ever burning;

Never

Never sick, never dead, never cold;
from it self never turning:

III. *An excellent Song on the Winning of Calés*
by the English.

Long had the proud Spaniard
advanced to conquer us;
Threatning our Country
with Fire and Sword:
Often preparing
their Navy most sumptuous;
With all the Provision
that Spain could afford:
Dub, a-dub. dub,
thus strike the Drums;
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English Men comes.
To the Seas presently
went our Lord Admiral,
With Knights couragious,
and Caprains full good;
The Earl of *Essex*,
a prosperous General,
With him prepared
to pass the Salt Flood:
Dub, a-dub. &c.
At *Plimouth* speedily
rock they Ships valiantly,
Braver Ships never
were seen under sail:
With their fair Colours spread;
and Streamers o'er their Head.
Now bragging Spaniards,
take heed of your tail;
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Unto *Calés* cunningly,
came we most happily.
Where the King's Navy
did secrecy ride,
Being upon their Bnaks,
piercing their Buts of Sack;
E'er that the Spaniard
our coming desery'd.

Tan-

Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English Men comes ;
Bounce, a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
off went the Guns.
Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that Season
was made at that Place :
Then Beacons were fired,
as need was required ;
To hide their great Treasure,
they had little space :
Alas, they cryed,
English Men comes.
There you might see the Ships,
how they were fired f. ft,
And how the Men drowned
themselves in the Sea :
That you might here them cry,
wail and weep piteously,
When as they saw no Shift
to escape thence away :
Dub a-dub, &c.
The great Saint *Philip*,
the Pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the Bottom,
and sunk into the Sea :
But the Saint *Andrew*,
and eke the Saint *Matthew*,
We took in Fish m. nfully.
and brought them away :
Dub a-dub, &c.
The Earl of *Essex*,
most valiant and hardy,
With Horse-men and Foot men
march'd towards the Town :
The Enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did fly f r their safeguard,
and durst not come down :
Dub a-dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl,
Courage my Soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant,
the Spoil you shall have :
And well rewarded all,
from the Great to the Small ;
But look that the Women
and Children you save,
Dub, a-dub, &c.
The Spaniards at that Sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight,
Hung up their Flags of Truce,
yielding up the Town :
We march'd in presently,
decking the Walls on high,
With our English Colours,
which purchased Renown :
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Entring the Houses then
of the richest Men,
For Gold and Treasure
we searched each Day :
In some Places we did find
Pye baking in the Oven,
Meat at the Fire roasting,
and Men ran away,
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Full of rich Merchandize,
every Shop we did see,
Damask and Sattins
and Velvet full fair ;
Which Soldiers measure out
by the Length of their Swords,
Of all Commodities,
and each one hath a Share :
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Thus Cales was taken,
and our brave General
March'd to the Market-place,
there he did stand ;
There many Prisoners
of good Account were took,

Many

Many crav'd Mercy,
and Mercy they found,
Dub, a-dub, &c.
When as our General
saw they delay'd time,
And would not ransom
the Town as they said,
With their fair Wainscots,
their Presses and Bedsteads,
Their Joint-Stools and Tables,
a Fire we made;
And when the Town burnt in a Flame,
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-ra,
from thence we came.

IV. *Teague and Sawney: or, The Unfortunate Success
of a Dear Joy's Devotion. Tune of Lilli burlero.*

YOU that love Mirth give ear to my Song,
a Moment you never can better employ:
Sawney and Teague were marching along,
a bonny Scotch Loon, and an Irish Dear Joy:
They had never seen a Wind-mill,
nor had they heard of any such Name;
As they were walking, and merrily talking,
at last by geud chance to a Wind-mill they came,
Hah! says *Sawney*, what do you call that?
to tell i s geud Name I am at a loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the Scor,
Indreed I believe it's *St. Patrick's Cross*.
Sir, said *Sawney*, you are mistaken,
for it's *St. Andrew's Cross* I will swear,
There is his Bonnet, and Garment hangs on it,
the muckle geud Saint did in *Edenborough* wear.
Nay, by my Shoul, thou rellest all Lees,
for dat I will swear is *St. Patrick's Coat*:
I see him in *Ireland* buying the Frieze,
and dat is the same *St. Patrick* bought:
He's a better Saint than ever
hungry *Scotland* e'er did breed:
By my Shalvation, he was my Relation,
and had a great Kindness for honest poor *Teague*.

Therefore, says *Teague*, I will, by my Shoul,
 now lay down my Arms and pluck out my Beads,
 Under this geud holy Cross will I fall
 and say *Pater Noster* and some of our Creeds :
Teague began with great Devotion
 for to adore *St. Patrick's* Cross :
 The Wind set a blowing, and turn'd the Sails going,
 and gave my Dear Joy, a terrible tofs.
Savny laught to see how poor *Teague*
 lay scatching his Ears on the top of the Grass,
 Swearing 'fore *George*, 'twas the De'el's Whirlegig,
 and none he wa. sur-, of *S. Patrick's* Cross.
Teague cry'd out in a mighty Passion,
 Ah! by my Shoul I am very much sore :
 By my Shalvashion, this shall be a Caution,
 to trust to *St. Patrick's* Kindness no more.
Sawney to *Teague* then scoffingly cry'd,
St. Patrick was but a very sad Loon,
 To hit you such a fore bang on the hide,
 for kneeling before him, and asking a Boon :
Prithee *Teague* serve geud *St. Andrew*,
 he by my Shoul was a muckle geud Man :
 Since your *St. Patrick* has serv'd you such a Trick,
 I'd see the De'el take him, e'er trust him again.

V. Of King Edward the Third, and the fair Countess of
Salisbury, setting forth her Constancy and unles's Glory.

WHen as *Edward* the Third did live,
 that valiant King,
David of *Scotland* to rebel
 did then begin :
 The Town of *Barwick* sudden'y
 from us he won,
 And burnt *Newcastle* to the Grou-d,
 thus Strife began :
 To *Rixbury* Castle marcht he then,
 And by the force of warlike Men,
 besieg'd therein a gallant fair Lady,
 While that her Husband was in *France*,
 (His Country's Honour to advance,
 the noble and famous Earl of *Salisbury*,

Brave Sir *William Montague*,
rode then in haste,
Who declared unto the King,
the Scottish Men's boast :
Who like a Lyon in his Rage,
did straitway prepare,
For to deliver that fair Lady
from woful Care :
But when the Scottish Men did hear her say,
Edward our King was come that day,
They rais'd their Siege, and ran away with speed ;
So when that he did thither come,
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,
none but a gallant Lady did he meet,
Who when he did with greedy Eyes
behold and see,
Her peerless Beauty intrall'd
his Majesty :
And ever the longer that he lookt,
the more he might ;
For in her only Beauty was
his Heart's Delight.
And humbly then upon her Knee,
She thank'd his Royal Majesty
that he had driven Danger from her Gate.
Lady, quoth he, stand up in Peace,
Although my War doth now increase.
Lord keep (qd. she) all hurt from your State.
Now is the King full sad in Soul,
and wots not why,
And for the Love of the fair Counesse
of *Salisbury*.
She little knowing his cause of his Grief,
did come to see,
Wherefore his Highness sat alone
so heavily ;
I have been wrong'd, fair Dame, quoth he,
Since I came hither unto thee :
No, God forbid, my Sovereign, she said,
If I were worthy for to know
The Cause and Ground of this your Woe,
you should be helpt, if it did lie in me.

Swear to perform thy Word to me,
 thou Lady gay,
 To thee the Sorrows of my Heart
 I will bewray.
 I swear by all the Saints in Heaven,
 I will (quoth she,)
 And let my Lord have no mistrust
 at all in me.
 Then take thy self aside, he said,
 For why, thy Beauty hath betray'd;
 wounding a King with thy bright shining Eye,
 If thou do then some Mercy show,
 Thou shalt expel a princely Woe,
 so shall I live, or else in Sorrow die.
 You have your Wish, my Sovereign Lord,
 effectually;
 Take all the leave that I can give
 your Majesty.
 But on thy Beauty all my Joys
 have their abode.
 Take thou my Beauty from my Face,
 my gracious Lord.
 Did'st thou not swear to grant my Will?
 that I may, I will fulfil.
 All then for my Love, let my true Love be seen.
 My Lord your Speech I might reprove,
 You cannot give to me your Love,
 for that belongs unto your Queen.
 But I suppose your Grace did this
 only to try,
 Whether a wanton Tale might tempt
 Dame *Salisbury*.
 Not from your self therefore, my Liege,
 my steps do stray;
 But from your wanton tempting Tale,
 I go my way.
 O turn again, my Lady bright!
 Come unto me my Heart's Delight!
 gone is the Comfort of my pensive Heart:
 Here comes the Earl of *Warwick*, he
 The Father of this fair Lady,
 my Mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Sovereign King,
so grieved in mind?

Because that I have lost the Thing
I cannot find.

What Thing is that, my gracious Lord,
which you have lost?

It is my Heart, which is near dead,
betwixt Fire and Frost.

Curst be that Fire and Frost too,
that caused this your Highness Woe.

O, *Warwick*! thou dost wrong me very sore,
it is thy Daughter, noble Earl,

That Heaven-bright Lamp, that peerless Pearl,
which kills my Heart, yet do I her adore.

If that be all, (my gracious King)
that works your Grief,

I will perswade the scornful Dame
to yield Relief;

Never shall she my Daughter be,
If she refuse;

The Love and Favour of a King,
may her excuse:

Thus wife *Warwick* went away,

And quite contrary he did say,

When as he did the beauteous Countess meet,

Well met, my Daughter, (quoth he)

A Message I must do to thee,

Our Royal King most kindly doth thee greet,

The King will die, lest thou to him
do grant thy Love.

To love, my Husband's Love

I would remove.

It is right Charity to love

my Daughter dear,

But no true Love so charitable

for to appear:

His Greatness may bear out the Shame,

But his Kingdom cannot buy out the Blame;

he craves thy Love, that may bereave thy Life:

It is my Duty to move this,

But not thy Honesty to yield, I wis,

I mean to die a true unspotted Wife.

Now hast thou spoken, my Daughter dear,
 as I would have;
 Chastity bears a Golden Name
 unto the Grave:
 And when to thy wedded Lord
 thou provest untrue,
 Then let my bitter Curses still
 thy Soul pursue:
 Then with a smiling Chear go thou,
 As Right and Reason doth allow,
 yet shew the King thou barest no Strumpet's Mind,
 I go, dear Father, with a Trice,
 And by a Slight of fine Device,
 I'll cause the King confess that I'm not unkind.
 Here comes the Lady of my Life,
 the King did say;
 My Father bids me, Sovereign Lord,
 your Will obey
 And I consent, if you will grant
 one Boon to me?
 I grant it thee, my Lady fair,
 whate'er it be:
 My Husband is alive you know,
 First let me kill him e'er I go,
 and at your Command I will ever be.
 Thy Husband now in *France* doth rest.
 No, no, he lies within my Breast,
 and being so nigh, he will my Falshood see.
 With that she started from the King,
 and took her Knife,
 And desperately she thought to rid
 her self of Life.
 The King, he started from the Chair,
 her Hand to stay:
 O noble King, you have broke your Word
 with me this Day.
 Thou shalt not do this Deed, quoth he,
 Then never I will lie with thee;
 No, then live still, and let me bear the Blame,
 Live in Honour and high Estate,
 With thy true Lord and wedded Mate,
 I never will attempt this Suit again.

VI. *The Spanish Lady's Love to an English Gentleman.*

WILL you hear a Spanish Lady,
how she woo'd an English Man,
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
deck'd with Jewels had she on :
Of a comely Countenance,
and Grace was she ;
And by Birth and Parentage
of high degree.
As his Prisoner there he kept her,
in his Hands her Life did lie ;
Cupid's Bands did tie her faster,
by the liking of her Eye :
In his courteous Company,
was all her Joy,
To favour him in any thing,
she was not coy.
At last there came Commandment,
for to set the Ladies free :
With their Jewels still adorned,
none to do them Injury.
Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me !
O let me still sustain this kind
Captivity.
O gallant Captain, shew some Pity
to a Lady in Distress,
Leave me not within the City
for to die in Heaviness :
Thou hast set this present Day
my Body free,
But my Heart in Prison strong
remains with thee.
How should'st thou (fair Lady) love me,
whom thou know'st thy Country's Foe ?
Thy fair Words make me suspect thee,
Serpents are where Flowers grow.
All the Evil I think to thee,
most gracious Knight,

God grant unto my self the same
may fully light.
Blessed be the Time and Season,
that you came on the Spanish-Ground :
If you may our Foes be termed,
gentle Foes we have found :
With our Cities you have won
our Hearts each one :
Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.
Rest you still (most gallant Lady)
rest you still and weep no more.
Of fair Lovers there are Plenty.
Spain doth yield a wondrous Store.
Spaniards fraught with Jealousie
we often find :
But English Men throughout the World,
are counted kind.
Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my Heart,
I am lovely, young and tender,
and so is my Desert :
Still to serve thee Day and Night
my Mind is prest ;
The Wife of every English Man
is counted blest.
It would be a Shame, fair Lady,
for to bear a Woman hence,
English Soldiers never carry
any such without Offence :
I will quickly change my self,
if it be so,
And like a Page I'll follow thee,
where e'er you go.
I have neither Gold nor Silver
to maintain thee in this Case ;
And to travel, 'tis great Charges,
as you know in every Place.
My Chains and Jewels every one,
shall be thine own ;
And eke five hundred Pounds in Gold,
that lies unknown.

On the Seas are many Dangers,
many Storms do there arise;
VVhich will be to Ladies dreadful,
and force Tears from watry Eyes.
VVell in worth, I could endure
Extremity;
For I could find in Heart to lose
my Life for thee.
Courteous Lady, be contented,
here comes all that breeds the Strife;
I in *England* have already
a sweet Woman to my Wife:
I will not falsifie my Vow
for Gold or Gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames
that live in *Spain*.
Oh how happy is that Woman
that enjoys so true a Friend,
Many Days of Joy God send you.
and of my Suit I'll make an end:
Upon my Knees I pardon crave
for this Offence,
Which Love and true Affection
did first commence.
Commend me to thy loving Lady,
bear to her this Chain of Gold,
And these Bracelets for a Token,
grieving that I was so bold.
All my Jewels in like sort,
bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy Wife,
and not for me.
I will spend my Days in Prayer,
Love and all her Laws desie;
In a Nunnery will I throwd me,
far from other Company:
But e'er my Prayers have an end,
be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy Love,
I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gentle Captain,
and farewell my Heart's Content ;
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my Love was bent :
Joy and true Prosperity,
go still with thee ;
The like fall ever to thy Share,
most fair Lady.

A Farewell to LOVE.

Farewel false Love, the Oracle of Lies,
a mortal Foe, an Enemy to Rest ;
An envious Boy, from whence great Cares arise,
a Bastard vile, a Beast with Ape possess ;
A Way for Error, a Tempest full of Treason.
In all Respect contrary unto Reason.
A poison'd Serpent cover'd all with Flowers,
Mother of Sighs, and Murtherers Repose,
A Sea of Sorrows, whence run all such Showers
as Moisture gives to every Grief that grows ;
A School of Guile, a Nest of deep Deceit,
A golden Hook that holds a poison'd Bait ;
A Fortrefs fl-d, whom Reason did defend,
a Syren's Song, a Server of the Mind ;
A Maze wherein Affections find no end,
a running Cloud that runs before the Wind ;
A Substance like the Shadow of the Sun,
A Goal of Grief, for which the wisest run :
A quenchless Fire, a Rest of trembling Fear,
a Path that leads to Peril and Mishap,
A true Retreat of Sorrow and Despair,
an idle Boy that sleeps in Pleasure's Lap :
A deep Mistrust of that which certain seems,
A Hope of that which Reason doubtful deems.
Then since thy Reign my younger Years betray'd,
and for my Faith Ingratitude I find ;
And such Repentance hath the Wrong bewray'd,
whose crooked Cause hath not been after Kind ;
False Love go back, and Beauty frail, adieu,
Dead is the Root from which such Fancies grew.

*The Lover by his Gifts thinks to conquer Chastity ;
And with his Gifts sends these Verses to his Lady :*

WHat Face so fair that is not crackt with Gold ?
What Wit so worth, that hath in Gold its
(wonder ?

What Learning but with golden Lines doth hold ?
What State so high, but Gold could bring it under ?
What thought so sweet, but Gold doth better season ?
And what Rule better than the golden Reason ?
The Ground was fat that yields the golden Fruir,
The Study high that sets the golden State :
The Labour sweet that gets the golden Suir,
The Reckoning rich, that scorns the golden Rate :
The Love is sure that golden Hope doth hold,
And rich again, that serves the God of Gold.

The Woman's ANSWER.

FOUL is the Face whose Beauty Gold can raise
Worthless the Wit that hath Gold in her wonder
Unlearned Lines puts Gold in Honour's Place,
Wicked the State that will to Coin come under.
Bad the Conceit that fasten'd is with Gold,
And Beggar's Rule that such a Reason hold.
Earth gives the Gold, but Heaven gives greater Grace
Men study Wealth, but Angels Wisdom raise.
Labour seeks Peace. Love hath an higher Place,
Death makes the Reck'ning, Life is all my Race.
Thy Hope is here, my Hope of Heaven doth hold,
God give me Grace, let *Dives* die with Gold.

FINIS.

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